FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

THE BOYS AND THE APPLE.

Little Tommy and Peter and Archy and Bob
Were walking one day when they found
An apple; 'twas mellow and rosy and red
And lying alone on the ground.

Said Tommy: "I'll have it." Said Peter: "'Tis mine."
Said Archy: "I've got it; so there!"
Said Bobby: "Now, let us divide in four parts
And each of us boys have a share."

"No, no!" shouted Tommy. "I'll have it myself."
Said Peter: "I want it, I say."
Said Archy: "I've got it, and I'll have it all;
I won't give a morsel away."

Then Tommy he snatched it, and Peter he fought,
('Tis sad and distressing to tell!)
And Archy held on with his might and his main,
Till out from his fingers it fell.

Away from the quarrelsome urchins it flew,
And then, down a green little hill
That apple it rolled, and it rolled and it rolled
As if it would never be still.

A lazy old brindle was nipping the grass
And switching her tail at the flies,
When all of a sudden the apple rolled down
And stopped just in front of her eyes.

She gave but a bite and a swallow or two—
That apple was seen nevermore!
"I wish," whimpered Archy and Peter and Tom,
"We'd kept it and cut it in four."

—*Sydney Dayre, in N. Y. Independent.*

ABOUT TOADS.

How They Catch and Dispose of Their Food—The Gardener's Friend—Changing Their Clothes.

Did you ever sit quietly and watch a toad catching his supper? If not, just try it, and you will find that it is a very interesting as well as an amusing sight. There he sits, on the edge of the path, his bright, bulging eyes fixed intently on a fly that has just alighted close to him—so very close, in fact, that you wonder what the toad is waiting for, since he has only to dart out his tongue and whisk the fly down his throat; but he does not do it. No; he stays motionless, his eyes twinkling with eagerness; and if only that fly knew what we know, the toad would never touch him, for all he has to do is to keep perfectly still until his foe grows tired of waiting. Yes, that is the secret of the toad's delay. Whatever the insect that he has selected for his supper, it is safe from destruction until it moves; but then, lo! it is gone like a flash. The quiver of a wing, the twitching of a leg, is enough to precipitate its doom.

We wonder how many people take heed of the fact that the despised little toad is one of the gardeners' most valued friends, and that he is a regular night watchman over the vegetable gardens? Very few of us know what a very useful fellow this creature is, although some are waking up to the knowledge of it, and among these wise folks are the market-gardeners of London and Paris, who know their value so well that they buy them by the dozen and turn them into their hot-beds, thus preserving their plants from insects. Not only in our gardens are toads extremely useful, but in our houses they are valuable allies; for they do no harm to us, but very much to our sworn enemies, such as cockroaches, moths, crickets, flies, mosquitoes and ants. They need but to see an insect stir, and out flashes that wonderful tongue. And, presto! where is it? Why, down in the little throat, landed at the exact spot where the muscles can seize it and pass it at once to the stomach. And so rapidly is this done that when a large insect, like a cricket, grasshopper or beetle, is swallowed, the sides of the toad may be seen actually twitching, from the struggles of its still lively victim.

Entomologists press our friend the toad into their service in a manner that is as novel as it is comical. They catch him at daybreak from the field or garden, kill him, and turn his stomach wrong side out in a pan of water. Of course all the recently-caught insects float to the surface, at the entomologists' service. This looks like a rather cruel method of studying entomology, does it not? But the truth is, that the humble little toad is a more expert catcher and discoverer than his human superior, and out of his rifled store-house come treasures in the shape of rare and tiny nocturnal insects that but for his industry would never have been known or classified by our savants.

It is not alone winged insects that the toad feasts upon. There is nothing he likes better, for a change of diet, than a nice, fat worm, and, as the children say, "it is as good as a play" to see him eating a worm—one that wriggles and twists and squirms as if it knew it had fallen into the hands of a relentless enemy. And it is literally the hands of its captor that are fatal to it, for it would be simply impossible for the toad to swallow his wriggling victim, did he not use his fore paws exactly as we use our hands. As it is, he is sublimely indifferent to his squirming. He sits calmly down with it in his mouth, lifts one paw, and gives it a push further into his mouth, and then he swallows, and down it goes, just a little way. Then up comes the other paw for another push, and at last, by alternate pushes and swallows, the poor worm vanishes, and our toad sits quietly at ease, with all the satisfaction of a full stomach twinkling in his eyes.

If any one supposes that our friend the toad is obliged to wear but one suit of clothes all his life, that person is mistaken. He orders a complete new outfit every now and then, of a most expert work-woman, one Dame Nature; and as for his old suit, he—well, we will see how he takes it off first, before disposing of it, which he does in a most unique manner. Dame Nature, working silently and secretly, as is her way, makes him a new suit beneath the old one, and then kindly helps him to remove the outgrown garments, so to speak. This done, our toad commences to undress by rubbing his elbows hard against his sides, and pressing downward. Directly, the old suit bursts open along his back, and he keeps on rubbing until he has worked it all in folds on his sides and hips; then he seizes one of his hind legs with his "hands," and hauls off one leg of his trousers; and next the other leg is served in the same way. Before he takes off the rest of his suit, he disposes of his cast-off trousers by rolling them up neatly and shoving them down his throat. Then, by raising and lowering his head, and swallowing little by little, he hauls off his coat until he comes to the sleeves. Grasping one of these with the opposite hand, he drags it off, wrong side out, and swallows it also, rubbing his neck at the same time, so that his collar, cravat, and, in fact, every vestige of his old suit, disappears altogether. Who shall say that the toad is not a marvel of political economy? Who of us, however poor, eats up his old clothes?

Our little friend is a great stay-at-home. Indeed, he is so noted in this respect that wonderful stories have been told about him regarding it, such as his going into a hole in a tree and staying there so long that the tree had time to spread its bark over the entrance, and seal up the toad in its tiny house. There are other stories, too, of a young toad having crept through a little crevice into a hollow rock, to hibernate through the winter, and being unable to leave it in the spring, because of the rapid increase in its size. And yet, in both these cases the toads were found alive and hearty, even after years must have elapsed since their imprisonment.

Now, these stories are true thus far; but when you go on to state that these toads were hermetically sealed up, and lived without food or air, they go further than the truth warrants. In every case on record, it has been proven that some slight aperture existed, whence both air and insects could and did pass in to the prisoner.—*Golden Days.*

JUST FOR FUN.

The Terrible Consequences of a Thoughtless Boy's Practical Joke.

In a beautiful park carefully kept and only lately thrown open for the use of children, the visitor often sees, holding tightly to the hand of her sad-faced mother, a little girl beautiful in form and feature but no light of intellect brightens those blue eyes. Though getting to be a large girl of eleven, Margie is not able to answer a simple question intelligently or tell the difference between a horse or a cat.

Margie Ray is an imbecile, which means that her reasoning powers, or intellect are impaired. Imbecility is very different from insanity; the former means a future devoid of all brightness, hopeless sameness, all is a blank to the vacant mind. Margie Ray's body grows, her hair is a bright golden, and complexion clear and smooth, and she is always gentle and easily controlled, yet her mother weeps bitter tears over her little girl, who must grope through life's journey in darkness, and all because of a big boy's fun, which worked Margie such mischief.

One evening in the winter it was snowing fast and furiously. Margie was a wee toddler of two years, just big enough to get papa's slippers and set them before the grate fire, and carry her small chair close beside his easy one, just where she could lay her head on his knee while he told such "koofal stories," and whistled lovely tunes for his "girlie." Mamma Ray was flying around frying pink slices of ham, molding cream biscuits and baking a cake for baby. She didn't see the big boy of twelve, with a sheet wrapped about him and wearing a hideous false face, come creeping silently into the room and walk close up to happy, innocent little Margie, who stood with her rosy face pressed close to the window pane, softly singing "papa's tummin to mamma an' Margie."

Mrs. Ray had just finished sprinkling currants and sand sugar over Margie's cake, when shrill screams from baby frightened her. She caught just one glimpse of the boy; hurrying to Margie, she tried to calm her, but the mischief was done.

Papa Ray came home to find his daughter in convulsions, which lasted at intervals the entire night, and then they knew that Margie was in danger of being sick mentally so long as she lived, yet they hoped for better things as the years brought strength to the body.

Said Mamma Ray: "I will deal so gently with the child, that she may live over this and out grow it."

"Do not hope, madame, it is no use," said the physician. But mother-like, she did hope for light to come to her Margie, as years rolled on.

But Margie never grew one day older in feeling. In vain Mrs. Ray takes her to hear sweet music, to look upon beautiful objects, or reads aloud sweet, pure stories such as little folks like to hear; Margie's eyes do not sparkle with pleasure, and her stammering tongue is silent, she being unable to speak many words.

The boy who for fun dressed up to scare Margie has shed bitter tears of repentance, and after a long, severe struggle, the stricken parents have forgiven him, as they hope to be forgiven.

In an agony of tears Mrs. Ray sometimes catches the little girl up in her arms, saying: "I'm so glad my precious one, that there's light and joy for such as you in Heaven."

Boys often think it great fun to scare little ones, not dreaming of the hurt a sudden shock often inflicts upon the nervous organization of the wee ones.

A brave boy will not be so cruel and craven as to take advantage of the weak and young. It is a poor sort of fun which causes pain to others. Let us remember that practical jokes are often cruel.—*Ella Guernesey, in Golden Rule.*

A Polite Request Declined.

Tramp—Say, you'll give a feller a lief to sleep in your barn, won't yer, boss?

Poetic Farmer—What! when you can find a bed 'neath the canopy of heaven, and can fall to sweet repose with starry watchers? No, sir, never!

Tramp—I've tried that canopy business a good while, boss, but yer see it's goin' ter rain like thunder to-night, and I hate to get my Prince Albert wet.—*Tid-Bits.*

—An ear of corn measuring eighteen inches in length was recently taken from a field near Sylvania, Ga.

GENERAL BOULANGER.

The Eventful Career of One of the Most Prominent French Politicians.

The restless activity of the present French War Minister, his evident desire to build up the military prestige of France, and his energetic part in the expulsion of the Orleans Princes, have led to many sensational reports regarding his aims and purposes. He has been credited with a desire to bring about a war of revenge with Germany, and royalist newspapers in Paris have tried with suspicious eagerness to foster the notion that he is aiming a *coup d'etat* and a military dictatorship of France. Notwithstanding his recent popularity and his evident desire to attract public attention to himself, there is nothing in General Boulanger's past career to justify the stir that has lately been made over his supposed designs. His life has been simply that of a soldier who has advanced rapidly, as opportunity offered, until he reached the rank of Major-General, and the command of a division of the French army.

Georges Boulanger was born at Rennes, the ancient capital of Brittany, in 1837, his mother being of English birth. He became a military student at Saint-Cyr, and in 1856 was appointed sub-lieutenant in the First Regiment of Algerian Tirailleurs at Blidah. He took part in the Kabyle expedition under General Randon, and was present at the attack of Irdjetes Heights. In 1859 his regiment was sent to Italy, and he was wounded in the chest in the Turbigo skirmish, his gallantry earning him a place in the Legion of Honor. He returned to Africa in 1860, and was promoted to Lieutenant.

In the following year he went to Cochin China with his company, and was wounded at Waidan in the thigh. He attained a Captaincy in 1862, and in 1866 was assigned to the position of drill-master at Saint-Cyr, where he remained until the declaration of war against Germany in 1870. He was in the army at Paris, and in November of that year became Lieutenant-Colonel of the One Hundred and Fourteenth Infantry. His shoulder was fractured by a ball at the battle of Champigny, and he was made an officer of the Legion of Honor. In January, 1871, he took command of his regiment as Colonel, receiving his fourth wound, this time in the elbow, while at its head, and attaining the exceptional distinction for so young an officer of Commander of the Legion of Honor. He was put back to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel by the Revenue Commission after the war, but was deputed in 1872 to organize the One Hundred and Thirty-third Regiment, and placed on the promotion list, gaining command of the new regiment in 1874. He retained this command until 1880, when he became a Brigadier-General. Being anxious to become acquainted with cavalry service, he obtained command of a brigade in the Fourteenth Army Corps. He was a member of the French delegation to this country to take part in the centenary of the battle of Yorktown in 1881, and attracted attention by his alert and affable ways. On his return to France he took command of his brigade at Lyons, and was soon after intrusted with the office of Director of Infantry under the Minister of War. He worked hard in reforming and strengthening the military organization, and resigned in 1884 to take command of a division in Africa, where he transformed the expeditionary force in Tunis into a permanent force of occupation. On the formation of the De Freycinet Ministry at the beginning of the present year he was made Minister of War, and began that display of energy and spirit which has produced so much apparent disquiet in France.—*Harper's Weekly.*

POISON IN FURS.

Industrious Girls Who Receive Small Pay for Very Trying Work.

Of all the skilled labor that women do, probably the worst and most unhealthy is that of the fur-sewers, and few live to work at it more than five or six years. They go into a consumptive decline, lose their sight or become victims to arsenical poison. The busy season with fur-sewers is during the summer and early fall, as the garments that are to be sold the following winter are made then, and as that also is the season when moths are flying it is necessary to keep the work-room closed as far as possible, to prevent any of those dreaded insects from entering. In consequence the air is filled with minute particles of fur, which keep up a constant irritation of the lungs and a desire to cough which frequently develops into pulmonary consumption in those predisposed that way. The flying hairs also get into the eyes, and there are few of the girls who work at that trade long that do not have red and sore eyes, though some of them attribute that trouble to the presence of the arsenic which has been used to cure the skins. The fur dealers will tell you that there is no danger to the health in that business, and that there are no poisons used in the preparations of the pelts, but one glance at the girls will disprove that, for nine out of every ten will show unmistakable evidence of poisoning in their pale faces and puffed out eyelids. Every pelt has to be cured with more or less arsenic, and no amount of subsequent shaking or dyeing will remove it all. The girls receive it into their system with every prick of the needle and every particle of dust they inhale. The very air is scented with its pungent coppery odor.

Fur sewing is in itself no harder than any other kind of sewing. The workers are generally seated in low chairs and have the work in their laps and and thus bend directly over it. The stitch is an over and over one and is sewn with linen thread, and then the seams are flattened out by means of a bone instrument, the wrong side being first dampend. The work is tedious, as it is composed of hundreds of small bits of fur matched and sewn together, to piece out lengths or alter shapes. The sewing up of a garment is the easiest part of it. Sable, bear and fox, marten, skunk and beaver, as well as otter and seal-skin, and also Siberian squirrel, are all made up here, as well as some furs of minor value, and all have the same characteristics regarding the flying of the loose hairs and the absorption of arsenic into the system. In some few establishments they receive beaver skins *au naturel* and pluck out the long hairs, though that work is not always done here. Sealskin also has to be treated in the same way, and the coarse long hairs are plucked out leaving the soft fur exposed. Some of the girls who work at the fur trade are set to making buttons for the sealskin sacques, and as this work is comparatively easy it is very poorly paid. They earn by steady work about four dollars a week if expert. In some cases a whole family of girls will be found working together. It takes about a year for a girl to learn fur sewing, though those who finish off garments must of necessity understand it better still. The pay is fair for experts, for they can earn up to ten dollars a week, but the work is not steady, and in the winter and spring there are many idle months, so that the average is at once reduced to five dollars. When learning, girls usually get one dollar a week for the first year, and it is very rare that one receives over five dollars a week inside of three years, and this then is reduced nearly one-half by the dull months. The most of the fur manufactories in this city are owned by Hebrews, and they are uniformly kind to the girls. There is not one complaint from over two hundred girls seen by the writer, of any brutal or unmanly conduct. They are treated with great respect.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

A SMART PROFESSOR.

How He Compelled the Postmaster-General to Yield to His Request.

When the rich mineral district of Vulture, A. T., was developed, large mining camps were established, thronged with enterprising prospectors, and all went well save the supply of mail matter, which came to hand only once a week. Petition after petition was forwarded to Washington urging the necessity of increasing the mail supply, but the department was deaf to all entreaties, and made no reply whatever to the repeated demands. Every body was in indignant despair, when Prof. George A. Treadwell, a noted mining engineer, undertook the apparently impossible task of securing a daily mail.

The professor went to work deliberately to prepare a supply of tin and wooden boxes, and at each out-going mail forwarded to the Postmaster-General the finest obtainable samples of Arizona products of horned toads, lizards, centipedes, scorpions and tarantulas finally winding up with an extraordinary specimen of the rattlesnake species. Each of these was accompanied by a long and graphic description, from the scientific standpoint of its origin, genus, habits, etc., and to each letter was added a postscript: "I shall keep up the supply as long as Arizona furnishes any thing novel or strange, or until our mail facilities are properly increased."

The officials of the department were at first pleased by the packages of natural curiosities, and did not catch on to the drift of the thing until the twenty-seventh specimen, a fine rattlesnake, came safely to hand. Then a new light broke in upon the post-office people, and they became immensely tired of the honored toads and "sich." The professor was duly visited by a letter of thanks for his contribution to science and the suggestion politely made that the Postmaster-General would take it as a favor if he would cease remitting any more specimens. A postscript, however, was added by the corresponding clerk, which read about as follows: "For Heaven's sake, don't send any more of this sort of stuff and you can have any thing in the department you want." Mail service was increased to daily, and no more insects or reptile consignments were received.—*Washington Cor. Kansas City Times.*

GENTLEMEN'S STYLES.

Novelties in Checked and Other Goods for the Season of 1886-7.

Checks continue most prominent without injury to the popularity of stripes. The former appear less frequent in blocks than last summer, but are principally found in overlaid squares or with small checks in larger ones, also blended, but in this case mainly with heavy horizontal and small cross lines. Heavy stripes, gradually blending, oftentimes made of bright, variegated silk effects or marked by very fine parallel lines, are shown in new assortments of trouserings.

Modes are the favorite colors, the darker shades being relieved by lighter silk threads. Lilac in small blendings predominates as effect shade, while the formerly fashionable reddish and blue shades have entirely disappeared. Cheviots and nap fabrics have not been made at all, nor are hard worsteds represented in the new assortments of trouserings.

Some very attractive novelties in mixtures and silk thread effects have appeared in overcoatings. The mixtures consist mainly of bluish mode shades, while one toned light worsteds in broad diagonals, as well as smooth, clothlike fabrics, are extensively shown for overcoatings. It is believed that the latter will be in good demand in the spring, especially as the genuine colors for the summer run most decidedly in blue green, silver gray and elephant gray. Dark shades, mixed with silk thread, silk mixed granite effects and tricots are also shown for overcoatings in several quarters.

Fast colored worsteds still take the lead for coatings. Besides the already known wide diagonal effects which have appeared in new variations, consisting of diagonal stripes toned down with figured lines, the most prominent designs consist of small and large raised relief like checks, similar to the corded and etamine ladies' dress fabrics.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Yes, my child, Weddingsday was put immediately after Chooseday on purpose.—*Washington Post.*

TYPES FROM BOHEMIA.

Representatives of a Class of Literary Minds Which is Fast Dying Out.

"Homer is recognized as the father of Bohemians. Dante and Tasso were Bohemians, and so was Cervantes, the greatest humorist the world ever produced. Plato, the philosopher, was one; so was Voltaire, and so was Rousseau, the famous French sentimentalist. Boccaccio was one, ditto Moliere, the French dramatist. Shakspeare was an out and out Bohemian. Goldsmith was a right jolly one. Sterne, the humorist, was a sort of one, and so was Swift, the great satirist. Bobbie Burns, the poet, was a born Bohemian; so were Shelley, Byron and Tom Moore. Charles Lamb, the essayist, was a lively one, and so was Tom Hood. Dickens was one, and Swinbourne is the liveliest one England has to-day. Nearly all the French poets, novelists, journalists, actors and artists are Bohemians. Victor Hugo was a pretty live one in his younger days. Emile Zola, the great realistic novelist, is the leading Bohemian in France to-day. The Germans don't go much on Bohemian life and the Bohemians have no use for Germany, or for Russia, Spain, Austria and Turkey. A Bohemian, to exist at all, must enjoy full liberty of speech, and liberty of speech is altogether out of the question in those countries. America has produced her share of Bohemians. We are getting as bad as Paris. Every little city has its list of them. Poe, Willis, Huffman and Halleck, all well-known poets, were true Bohemians. Fitz James O'Brien, poet and story-writer, was one. Artemus Ward, the king American humorist, was a Bohemian of the first water. Walt Whitman is as great a one as the world ever produced. Mark Twain and Bret Harte belong to the order, and so does Willie Winter, poet and dramatic critic. Bill Nye is an easy-going Bohemian, and so is Opie P. Read, the humorist and story-writer. Joaquin Miller ranks as one and so does George Alfred Townsend, better known as 'Gath.' But the woods are full of them. The cleverest writers on our newspapers are men who are recognized as Bohemians out and out."

"Are there any female Bohemians?"

"Certainly. George Sand, the greatest of all French novelists, was a simon-pure Bohemian, and so was George Eliot, the greatest novelist England ever produced. Sarah Bernhardt is the cleverest of all female Bohemians, and a right brilliant one she is, too. Nearly all of our actresses are Bohemians; it's in their nature. Laura Don was a beautiful one, and Clara Morris is a great one. But enough! You know what a Bohemian is now."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

GOOD DEFINITIONS.

Choice Extracts From the Pages of the New Dictionary.

HENS' EGGS.—A production of nature with which to compare the size of Western hail-stones.

THE SUMMER SEASON.—Three months of the year when fashionable people cheerfully put up with inconveniences, at seaside hotels, which at home would induce them to declare that life was not worth living.

A SUCCESSFUL MAN.—One who, by hard work and close economy, accumulates a million dollars, and dies, and leaves his money to a couple of spend-thrift sons who "see more fun" in twelve months than the "old man" did in fifty years.

AN AMERICAN BEAUTY.—A woman whose alleged charms are unnoticed at home, and who doesn't achieve fame as a beauty until she goes abroad and secures an introduction to the Prince of Wales.

AMERICAN HUMOR.—Any facetious remarks made about the mule, the mother-in-law and the goat.

A DEAD-HEAD.—The rural editor who gives ten dollars' worth of puffs for a fifty-cent circus ticket.

COLLEGE EDUCATION.—A proficiency in boat-rowing, base-ball and sometimes in other branches of learning.

A SOCIETY MAN.—A youth who devotes more time to arranging his necktie than to cultivating his mind.

CHARITY BALL.—A scheme to enable the wealthy to spend several hundred thousand dollars for diamonds and dresses in order to raise a few hundred dollars for the poor.—*Drake's Traveler's Magazine.*

DON'T WORRY.

A Piece of Very Reliable Advice to a Melancholy Young Man.

Don't worry, my son, don't worry. Don't worry about something that you think may happen to-morrow, because you may die to-night, and to-morrow will find you beyond the reach of worry. Don't worry over a thing that happened yesterday, because yesterday is a hundred years away. If you don't believe it, just try to reach after it and bring it back. Don't worry about anything that is happening to-day, because to-day will only last fifteen or twenty minutes. If you don't believe it, tell your creditors you'll be ready to settle in full with them at sunset. Don't worry about things you can't help, because worry only makes them worse. Don't worry about things you can help, because then there's no need to worry. Don't worry at all. If you want to be penitent now and then, it won't hurt you a bit to go into the slackcloth and ashes business a little. It will do you good. If you want to cry a little once in a long while, that isn't a bad thing. If you feel like going out and clubbing yourself occasionally, I think you need it and will lend you a helping hand at it, and put a plaster on you afterward. All these things will do you good. But worry, worry, worry, fret, fret, fret,—why, there's neither sorrow, penitence, strength, penance, reformation, hope nor resolution in it. It's just worry.—*Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.*

—Connecticut has passed a law making barbed wire a legal fence if four wires are tightly stretched upon posts set not further than sixteen feet apart and not nearer than five feet to any public sidewalk or highway. The bottom strand must not be more than twelve inches from the ground and the top one not less than forty-eight inches.

HONEST CHARLEY.

How a Daring Criminal Escaped From the Wisconsin State Prison.

A burglar named Charles O'Leary, alias Honest Charley, was sent to the Wisconsin State prison for a term of seven years, but even before he entered the prison his friends offered to bet two to one that he would make his escape inside of a year. O'Leary was posted about the prison before he became an inmate. He was not looked upon as a desperate man, but rather as a sly one; but after he had been in prison for two months and no fault had been found with him, any extra surveillance was relaxed. O'Leary was at first placed in the dining-room, but at his own request was changed to the kitchen, he being a fair hand at cooking. All the food of the convicts was received at the kitchen doors from teams driven into the yard. The supply for the day was then carried to the store-room, which adjoined the kitchen. It often happened that two or three teams were in the yard at once, while on regular days wagons came for swill and ashes.

O'Leary had planned from the first to escape by way of the kitchen, but he found the difficulties almost without number. Nearly all of the cooks, bakers and helpers in that department were short-time men who would not have taken advantage of an open gate. None of them could, therefore, be relied on to help him out. The wagons were always under the eyes of the guards on the walls, and were quite often inspected at the gate before driving out. Had two convicts placed O'Leary in a barrel, covered him up with refuse and lifted him into a wagon, the chances were that he would have been safely carried out, but there was not a man in the kitchen whom he could trust. It was a part of his duties to rake the ashes out from under a large oven and keep them raked in a pile and wet down until an old Irishman with a one-horse cart came to draw them off. This happened every other day at ten o'clock in the morning. The Irishman brought a large ash pail with him, and when it was full O'Leary helped him to carry it out and empty it into the wagon. The time occupied in filling the wagon was about forty minutes, the man making two calls before coming to the kitchen.

O'Leary determined that this Irishman should be the means of restoring him to liberty, and he set to work after a carefully matured plan. He noticed that the man's breath always smelled of whisky, and that about every third time he came he was quite stupid with drink. He took a strong liking to O'Leary, and after a few weeks volunteered to bring him in a bottle of whisky. The offer was accepted, and Thanksgiving Day named as the time when he should bring it in. The afternoon of this day would be observed as a holiday.

O'Leary could not further his plans during the interval. He would gain all or loose all at a single stroke. When the day finally arrived he was as ready as he could be, and he noticed with great satisfaction that the Irishman had a good deal of drink aboard. The place where they got the ashes was in an alley-way between the oven and the wall of the kitchen. It was in one sense secluded, and yet some of the men were liable to pass at any moment. The teamster had started out with a pint of whisky, but on his way had drunk a third of it. It was a cold, raw morning, and he had on an overcoat, a comforter, a slouch hat, a pair of mittens and a pair of overalls over his trousers. The two were no sooner in the alley-way than the heat made the teamster so stupid that he wanted to lie down. This he was permitted to do while O'Leary carried out four or five bushels of ashes, and in a few minutes he was in a drunken sleep. When the burglar had carried out enough ashes for a blind, he turned to on the sleeping man and he was not three minutes stripping off his outside garments and getting into them. He then took the ash bucket and walked out, climbed upon the wagon under the eyes of three guards, and drove to the gate. It was opened after a little delay, and O'Leary drove in the direction of the city. He expected every moment to hear the alarm, but he dared not push the horse faster than a slow trot for the first half mile. When a safe distance away, he quickened his pace, and pretty soon he reached a locality where he abandoned the rig and struck out on foot. He had been gone thirty minutes before an alarm was raised, but this was time enough. He suffered somewhat from cold and hunger, but eluded all pursuit, and he died three or four years later in an Eastern prison.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Good Thing for the Agents.

There's another scheme to get money out of imaginary heirs to a great property in this city. At present it is being "worked" chiefly in the West, and the stake is an estate here valued all the way from $300,000,000 to $400,000,000. The property is alleged to be chiefly around Mercer street, a poor street just west of Broadway. There it covers about one hundred acres, and there's some more in Jersey. It was owned by Moses Mercer, a Scotchman, in 1760, and was leased for ninety-nine years. The lease having expired some years ago, the "heirs" of old Mercer are invited to contribute funds to recover the property before the courts. It is said that several Western men of sense and standing have joined in the enterprise, but as the Vanderbilts and Astors own most of the New York property now, claimants will have a hard job to wrest it from them.—*Rural New Yorker.*

A Justifiable Inference.

"Gracious, Mr. Dusenberry! What was that noise in the next room?"

"Mrs. Brown's baby fell out of bed, I suspect. It's a lucky thing if it did."

"Why so?"

"It's a popular superstition, you know, that if a baby tumbles out of bed it will never turn out a fool."

"Mr. Dusenbury (after a painful pause), do you know what I think?"

"What, my dear?"

"That it's a great pity you didn't fall out of bed when you were a baby."—*Philadelphia Call.*